

Somebody has to have legs; somebody has to be a double amputee.

Somebody has to eat pheasant under glass; somebody has to eat crow.

Somebody has to get the girl; somebody has to get the pink slip, the eviction notice.

Somebody has to be President, grinning on the cover of Time; somebody has to be unshaven, gobbling free turkey at the Rescue Mission.

Somebody's son has to graduate summa cum laude, then ace medical school; somebody's has to drop out freshman year, and be arrested as the campus flasher.

Somebody has to rape his five-year-old daughter and go free; somebody has to marry a woman who, when they divorce, falsely accuses him of child molestation, and therapists ask the little girl leading questions, and Dad gets twenty years.

Somebody has to, on a lark, buy land in Utah, and Mobil finds oil on it; somebody has to buy a fixer-upper, work every weekend for a year sawing, sanding, roofing, painting, varnishing until, the week before he puts it on the market, gangbangers tag it, he screams "Cholo punks!" and that night they burn the house down, his insurance premium was lost in the mail, and the bank takes everything.

Somebody has to be Stephen King, with dozens of best-sellers and multi-million-dollar royalties; somebody has to be a minor regional poet with yearly sales of under 50, yearly earnings under 25.

It's not embarrassing.

ON THE EFFORTS TO OUTLAW SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN STUDENTS AND COLLEGE PROFESSORS

Many of the same people
who consider women capable
of flying fighter planes

in combat against men
who want to kill them,
consider them

defenseless
against the charms
of tweed.